HE WAS LINCOLN'S COUSIN.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Late Dennis Hanks.

MANY STORIES TOLD OF "ABE."

Strange Environment of the Late President During His Early Life. Curious Incidents.

PARIS, Ills., Oct. 31.—The death of our late citizen, the veteran Dennis Hanks, severed the last tie which bound this generation to the boyhood of Abraham Lincoln. This alone would make it an event of national interest. But to those of us who were born and reared in the land where Lincoln passed his boyhood, whose fathers have described to us hundreds of times the peculiar conditions under which characters were formed and constitutions sometimes hardened, but oftener irretrievably ruined, the reminiscences of Dennis possessed a fascination they could not have for the eastern reader.

DENNIS HANKS.

The eastern reader cannot realize as we do the environment of the Lincolns, the Hanks and the Sparrows in 1820-30. We see as in a vision the great dense forests which had so much to do in deepening their native superstition; the wild beasts in war with which they acquired a sort of destructive activity; the noxious insects swarming in the air, and poisonous reptiles lurking in the grass, which, unknown to them, seriously affected their theology; the dreadful malaria, and the still more dreaded milk sickness.

Dennis F. Hanks was born on the south fork of Nolin's creek, three miles southeast of the present Hodgensville, Harden county, Ky., May 15, 1799. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the rudeness of the society of that time and locality or the primitive character of the people, and there is an overabundance of testimony that the two families so strangely connected and eventually so famous were below rather than above the average. If there is any spirit of art or refinement in a people it is most apt to show in their religion, and if Peter Cartwright and others of that day can be believed the popular religion of that day and place was a sort of rude frenzy. In other respects there was a wild freedom which often resulted in evil. Of one case of such unrestrained social freedom Dennis Hanks was a nonlegal result.

The Genesee, in their age of extreme piety, erected a hospital especially for those to whom, in their complicated Italian phrase, "had not been granted the benediction of a father's smile." It is painfully certain that Dennis and his Cousin Nancy, mother of Abraham Lincoln, were of that class. Their mothers had been known simply as "the Hanks girls," and were described as "uncommonly smart and mighty fond of tending camp meetings and such." Of course both these waifs took their mother's family name. Lincoln's mother was born in Virginia. John Hanks, another relative, was a son of that Thomas Hanks in whose shop, at Elizabethtown, Ky., Thomas Lincoln learned the carpenter's trade.

All the testimony indicates that the family were of the class known as "poor whites." It all emphasizes the great fact that Abraham Lincoln was a man apart from his kind, an exception quite as remarkable as Shakespeare, one not to be numbered among his people, and it requires no great power of religious imagination to believe that he was raised up for the work he did. It is a fact worth noting that in the only biography Lincoln ever wrote he does not give the maiden or Christian name of his mother, and gives but three lines to her family. The genial and communicative Dennis Hanks has told us nearly all we know about his race.

The first dozen years or so of his life are a historic blank. His mother married Thomas Sparrow, and her sister married Henry Sparrow, the result of these unions being that Nancy Hanks, mother of the president, at an early age went to live with Thomas Sparrow, and thus she and Dennis passed several years under the same roof. The story that Dennis saved the life of Lincoln in Kentucky is an error. The man who did the nation that kindness was Austin Gollaher, of Hodgensville, and he was still living at last accounts. Dennis next appears in history at the age of eighteen, when he reached the Lincoln home in Indiana, became a neighbor and in no long time a champion of young Abraham. The two families worked together, aided each other and shared their little fortunes in a sort of frontier communism, and very naturally Dennis became the tutor of his younger relative in all sorts of woodcraft.

In 1818 the great calamity fell on those simple people. There is generally much sickness in settling a new country, but that in Indiana was probably worse than in any other state.

According to all accounts, and confirmed by our observations in later years, people who got through the winter "in any kind of condition" usually enjoyed good health as long as the vegetation was growing, but when "the turn of the season came on" in August the pioneers fell in all directions. Travelers through southern Indiana at that time relate that they would often call in succession at half a dozen houses before finding one where any one was able to even prepare a good meal for a chance comer. After three to five years of this sort of thing many constitutions were so weakened that the next winter brought death. Dennis told us of an affliction known as the "cold plague," meaning probably those dreadful congestive chills which sometimes killed the victim in three hours.

On top of this came the dreaded milk sickness, and "the tribe," as people good naturedly called such a family association, was decimated. Thomas Sparrow and wife died almost at the same time. Abraham Lincoln's mother soon followed. In fact the whole vicinity was terribly scourged. A year later Thomas Lincoln brought a second wife from Kentucky. With her came her three children, John, Sarah and Matilda Johnston. Dennis Hanks now found the Lincoln cabin far more attractive. It was his home, so far as he could be said to have one, and in due time he married Sarah Johnston.

The story that Dennis had some time before taught young Lincoln to read and write is in the language of that locality "a little mixed." Abraham had attended school a few weeks in Kentucky. He attended long enough in Indiana to make his entire schooling amount to a year, and his stepmother was a fairly well educated woman. So it is not likely that Dennis could have taught him much.

Disease ravaged the settlement. The ague they had always with them, and the dreaded milk sickness came again and again—about once in five years, as the way of this disease is. No one has explained this mysterious blight. In my boyhood all that was known was that certain springs were infected with it, and that the streams flowing therefrom had to be fenced till it had flowed some 200 yards, when the poison evaporated. Cattle suffered most, and, though ever so little affected, their milk and meat were poison to all who ate them. It returned at successive longer intervals as the country was cleared, and as late as 1878 wrought terrible destruction in one neighborhood.

In 1828 and the next year it completed the financial ruin of the Hanks and Lincoln families, and in 1830 they made their oft described migration to Illinois. A few anecdotes are all we have of Dennis for the next thirty years, but at this point "Old John Hanks," as the boys called him, became a prominent figure. He had more "money sense," as western people say, than any of the lot, and had gone before and selected good locations for the others. That spring he and Abraham Lincoln split enough rails to fence in fifteen acres, and uncommonly good rails they must have been, for thirty years later "Old John" electrified the state convention by entering with one of them on his shoulder, and before the close of June, 1860, tens of thousands of toothpicks and other souvenirs made of these rails were in evidence in the west. It is only fair to add that the rails were made of black walnut and white oak, and that those woods do last a long time.

In 1856 Charleston, capital of Coles county, Ills., in which Dennis Hanks located in 1831, was the scene of a terrible tragedy. A man named Monroe, who had killed his father-in-law, Mr. Ellington, in an affray, was lynched, with circumstances of shocking barbarity. Visiting the vicinity immediately after, I first heard the name of Abraham Lincoln mentioned as that of an influential man and popular speaker, but among all my acquaintances between there and Terre Haute I never once heard mention of a Hanks.

Seven years later there was another tragedy at Charleston, and Dennis suddenly became a prominent man. He then indulged in many reminiscences of his "Cousin Abe—president now, you know." In the meantime, however, the rails split, as alleged, by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks had gone on their sensational course and been whittled into souvenirs, and early in 1861 Lincoln made his last visit to his relatives in Coles county. Dennis then lived in the vicinity of Farmington, where he had located in 1831, and of all the relationship he was the only one who ever saw Lincoln again.

The occasion was one of those riots which were so frequent in the third year of the war, as to which the actual facts will never be known, as all the accounts were distorted by partisan fury and personal prejudice. Suffice it to say that some soldiers then at home on furlough came into collision with some citizens of opposite political views. There was a deal of wild shooting, and a few men were killed. "It was a vice of the times rather then the men," says a prominent soldier and lawyer who figured in the trial of some similar cases, and when some of the parties were arrested by federal authority and taken to an eastern prison much sympathy for them was expressed. After many prominent men had been appealed to in vain a friend of the prisoners suggested that "good natured old Dennis Hanks could get them out if he could see Old Abe."

It was hailed with acclamation, and Dennis was straightway arrayed in a new suit and started for Washington. It was the event of his life. He was robbed on the way, but reached the White House. His experience he detailed thus: Rapping at the door he was met by a colored servant who asked his mission:

"I want to see President Lincoln."

"Where is your card?" inquired the usher.

"Haven't no card. Tell Abe that Dennis Hanks wants to see him."

The colored man soon returned with a broad smile on his face and showed him up. Mr. Hanks walked into the president's room and exclaimed, "How are you, Abe?"

The president left his desk, and walking toward him exclaimed, "Why, Dennis, what brought you here?" and threw his arms around the old man and embraced him.

The president heard his plea and sent him to Secretary Stanton. Later he saw the two together, and, according to Dennis, the secretary told him, "Every d——d one of those men ought to be hung!" Decision was reserved, and Dennis returned home the proud possessor of a silver watch presented to him by Mr. Lincoln. He had seen a good deal of life at the White House in a short time, and detested Secretary Stanton worse after it than he had before.

JOHN HANKS.

The prisoners eventually succeeded in getting their cases into the state courts, and in the general relaxation following the war their cases quietly dropped.

The subsequent life of Dennis was uneventful indeed, and except when called upon to talk of Lincoln he had little to say. He had lived for four years past with his daughter, Mrs. Nancy Shoaff, of this city, and at his death was aged ninety-three years five months and six days.

B. J. HANSON

Queen Victoria's Sincere Sympathy.

Queen Victoria is a woman of a strongly sympathetic nature. During Mrs. Harrison's illness, up to the very day of her death, England's ruler sent every morning to the American legation in London to inquire as to the patient sufferer's condition. By special request every telegram received at the legation in regard to Mrs. Harrison was at once forwarded to the queen, who is said to have entertained a high regard for Mrs. Harrison as a wife and mother.

The File Was Greater Than the Jail.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, and a very short step after all. The ability of a little thing to undo the elaborate work of years was never better illustrated than in Sherman, Tex., which has a $90,000 jail, from which ten prisoners recently escaped by sawing through the iron bars with a thirty-five cent file.

THE BEARS IN THE ZOO.

INTENSE FONDNESS FOR PEANUTS.

How They Will Fight and Struggle for the Coveted Morsels—A Mean Trick of a Bad Boy—A Conceited Set of Animals.

If you want to make old Ursus Major smile just say "Peanuts" in a loud, clear voice within a fathom or two of his willing ear. If you wish to see the nearest approach to amiability which the black bear of the Zoo is able to assume just insert a nice fat goober within pawing distance of the rough old fellow. You touch the peanut, the bear will do the rest.

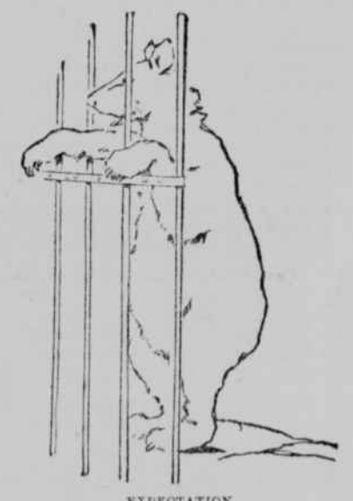
There is a great deal of human nature in the big cage on the rocks, and I sometimes wonder that some of the people who find so much fun watching the antics of the bears do not forget that they are looking in a mirror. It is the sort of nature which we often see in the street-cars and which is so near-sighted that it cannot see old and homely women hanging to the straps, but can spy a beauty four and a-half blocks off.

If you wish to see how human the bears can be invest a nickle in a bag of peanuts from the Italian gentleman who does business in Fifth avenue and indulge them in a little game of grab. The big he bear and the little she bear and all the rest of the bears will form in line before you, and look as friendly as if they really

"TARA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY."

thought something of you. Four black muzzles will protrude between the bars, and four pairs of little eyes will beg just as hard as eyes can do it. How keenly those eyes will watch the peanuts, and how the losing three will whine and snarl every time the winning one gets a prize. It almost seems as if they were crying from sheer envy and spite, just as human folks do sometimes when they see their fellows raking in the pot.

Then place a peanut on the dividing line between the paws of the lady bear and the first gentleman bear. Hoity toity, what a time there will be! The two black faces will look yearningly at the morsel, and the little eyes will fairly roll as they measure the distance and try to determine which has first grab. Perhaps the big he bear will make a hesitating and furtive pass at it. Then the she bear will reach for her paw and claw it toward her. The he bear will look



EXPECTATION.

cross at this and expostulate, and perhaps swear a little, it certainly sounds that way.

"Here, you," he will say, "return that goober or I will box your ears."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," replies the lady. "A pretty cheek you have to make any such demand upon me!"

Then follows such a snarling and snapping and showing of teeth as you never dreamed of. The big he bear raises his paw as if to strike his greedy consort and you expect to see the latter wiped off of the face of the earth. But she does not weaken worth a cent. "Don't you dare," she growls between her teeth, and dare he does not, the big, hulking coward, though the crowd does everything in its power to encourage him to fight.

It is such little domestic episodes as this which adds spice to living and makes us answer with loud acclaim, "No, sirree,

A LONG TIME BETWEEN PEANUTS.

marriage is not a failure."

The little she bear is an excellent catcher if you use the base-ball method of conveying peanuts to her. She will open her little red throat at you in roseate invitation and never make an error. I wish I could say as much of some of our other metropolitan catchers.

Unlike some other denizens of the Zoo, Mme. Ursa does not care for the shells of the peanut, but cracks out the kernal and rejects the husk with all the deftness of a gallery god. It is the most comical thing in the world to see her big shelling apparatus at work and the air of snug complacency with which she gets outside

A HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

of the small but succulent morsel, and puts out her tongue for more.

Once upon a time a bad, bad boy went up to the park with an April fool peanut in his pocket. It was all peanut on the outside, but very much red pepper on the in. It was a white sepulchre filled with snuff, hellfire and misery. It was naughty and it was not nice.

With her usual enterprise the little she bear came to the front and won the trick. Her little white teeth came down on the shell like a thousand of brick and let loose the cayenne filling. The Major, as usual, was mad, but he did not know in what mighty luck he was playing that morning. But the she bear did. She learned then, if she never did before, how much more blessed it is to give April fools than to receive them.

For a moment she paused, as if in sad reflection. Then she turned upon that bad, bad boy such a look of pained surprise that, if he had not been very bad, must have filled him with remorse. Tears

MAKING EYES AT HIS NEIGHBOR.

ran out of her little eyes and saliva trickled out of her mouth. She strove to wipe off her tongue with her paw, but the misery remained. With a wild howl of pain she took the centre of the cage, and for the next five minutes that cage seemed to be full of flying bear. You never saw a bear in so many different places at once.

Of course there was a great to do in the menagerie, and a score of beasts let loose their vocal chords. A park policeman came running up to see what sort of a political convention was being held in the bears' cage, and the bad, bad boy slipped away without asking or answering any questions.

Outside of your capabilities in the peanut line the bears do not seem to take any interest in you. They are the most conceited lot of egotists in the Zoo, and appear to find themselves all sufficient for their own amusment. Now and then

HIS MORNING WASH.

you will find a lion or a tiger eyeing you with speculative glance, as if you were a sweet morsel to be rolled under the tongue, but the bears have eyes only for what you bring in your hands or pockets. Now and then one will indulge in greased pole climbing and Japanese balancing, but it is not done apparently so much for your edification as for the acrobat's own amusement. He does not look for applause nor care for criticism, and he lets you understand the fact without any nonsense.

I sometimes think that the Polar bear would like a chop or a cutlet from my sacred person, but I may be mistaken about it. I have certainly seen speculation in his eye when the sea-lions called, and I know that the sound must bring up dreams of his own dear Greenland home and the fat young seals on which he used to sup. But the Polar bear is a frigid

DISGUSTED.

and surly fellow all the way through, and lacks even the sociability of his black cousins german. You never see a laughing crowd about his cage, and as for peanuts—but I suppose he would not take them at any price.

Well, a bear is a bear, and that is the thing in a nutshell. You cannot make him a gentleman, do what you will. You may send him to school or collge, teach him to dance and to talk French; you may curl his fur and manicure his paws; you may introduce him to the best society and try in every way to improve his manners, but in the end you will have what you started with—a plain, rude American bear without a redeeming trait, saving his grease and hide. As a terrible example to cross men and scolding wives he is a tumultuous success. I trust, dear boy, that when you gaze upon him it will not be "as in a looking-glass."

Rough Surfaced Silk.

One of the prettiest things of the new season is the rough surfaced silk. It really is bouretted bengaline, the bouretting being done in uneven lines and dashes over the lustrous ribbed surface. In white this silk is specially lovely.

Charming empire evening gowns are made of the white bourette, the short waist—properly the yoke—the huge puff sleeves and other garniture being of colored velvet.

It is almost an occupation in itself, says the New York Times, this autumn, to keep track of the new designs in silk. Surely there never before were so many novelties. They are all so pretty, too, that to neglect any of them seems a pity.

Here is a black satin with big dahlias in red and gold all over it. A dark satin ground has lengthwise stripes of scarlet, another of gold. These stripes are fully an inch and a-half wide and are set there one width apart. They have a tinsel effect, which together with their corded edges, gives them the appearance of tinsel galloon.

It is needless to say that the silk is very striking. It will be better used as the minor material in combination than alone, but it is one of the peculiarities of this season of gay colors and conspicuous designs that the most elaborate goods are made up alone or used as the leading material in combination.

OFFICE SUPT. OF PUBLIC CHARITIES,
1434 EAST FRANKLIN STREET,
RICHMOND, VA., NOV. 4, 1892.

NOTICE.—SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE UNTIL 12 O'CLOCK M., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1892, for furnishing Almshouse with supplies of

FRESH BEEF,	COFFEE,
LAMB,	SUGAR,
LARD,	VINEGAR,
BACON,	SOAP,
FLOUR,	SALT,
RICE,	MOLASES.

HERRINGS.

FORAGE.

HAY,	CORN,
STRAW,	BROWNSTUFF,
OATS,	SHIPSTUFF.

MEDICINE,
SHOES

For quarter ending Tuesday, February 14, 1893.

The Committee for the Relief of the Poor reserve the right to reject any or all bids offered, and of giving the contract for each article required as they may select.

Forms of proposals can be obtained at this office. RICHARD W. CARTER,
no1-3t Superintendent.

LEGAL NOTICES.

VIRGINIA—IN THE CHANCERY COURT OF THE CITY OF RICHMOND, THE 28TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1892.

A. B. Guigon.....Plaintiff
against
The Corporation of Foreign Bondholders and Frederick P. Olcott, Charles D. Dickey, Jr., William L. Bull, Hugh R. Garden, Henry Budge and John Gill, commonly known as the Bondholders' Committee, all of whom are non-residents of this State, and the Planters' National Bank of Richmond and Mann S. Quarles, as agent of said bank, and in his individual capacity and all other such persons or corporations as your orator may hereafter find who are indebted to, or may have any estate of said Corporation of Foreign Bondholders in their hands or under their control.....Defendants.

IN CHANCERY.

The object of this suit is to recover of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders damages for a breach of a contract made with him for services rendered in respect to the settlement of the Virginia debt as set forth in the bill in said cause, amounting to the sum of at least twenty thousand dollars, and to attach the following, all estate which the defendant, the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders, has in any and all bonds heretofore issued by the State of Virginia and in all coupons for the payment of interest on the same whether attached to or severed from said bonds, which are now in the hands of or in the custody or under the control of the Planters' National Bank of Richmond and Mann S. Quarles, agent of said bank, and Mann S. Quarles in any other right, or of either of them, and any and all liens, legal or equitable, to the benefit of which the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders is entitled in, or in respect of the bonds and coupons aforesaid, and all rights or interest of a pecuniary nature which can be protected, enforced or proceeded against in courts of law or equity, which the said The Corporation of Foreign Bondholders may have in, or in respect to said bonds and coupons and all such estate, liens and rights or interest of a pecuniary nature, which can be protected, enforced or proceeded against in courts of law or equity, which the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders may have or be entitled to in any new bond or bonds and coupons that may be issued by the State of Virginia in substitution or exchange for or in payment of said bonds and coupons now in the hands of or under the control of the parties aforesaid or either of them and all other estate, liens, rights or interest belonging to the said The Corporation of Foreign Bondholders held by or under the control of the said The Planters' National Bank of Richmond and Mann S. Quarles, as agent of said bank or in any other capacity.

And affidavit having been made and filed that Frederick P. Olcott, Charles D. Dickey, Jr., William L. Bull, Hugh R. Garden, Henry Budge and John Gill, commonly known as the Bondholders' Committee, and the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders are non-residents of the State it is ordered that they appear here within fifteen days after the due publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests in this suit.

A copy—Teste:
CHARLES W. GODDIN,
Clerk.
PEGRAM & STRINGFELLOW, p. q. oc20-su4w